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ANDROMEDA



JAMES TIPTREE'S
THE MAN WHO
WALKED HOME

©1976 by John Allison



ANDROMEDA

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HBS CO., H&S BN, IS

A Day At YGSRD'S

CAMP PENDLETON, CA 92055

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PRODUCING this magazine has taken just over two years. During that time it has devoured two publishers, five different formats, half a dozen line-ups, two lead features, three covers, two editorials, and one friendship. So whoever tells you that it's easy to produce one of these things is having you on. (Whoever tells you that it is possible to produce one of these things is probably getting a chuckle at your expense, as well.)

SO . . . here we are. A little older, and frankly, a little more ready for publication. I was going to launch into an esoteric diatribe on the graphic story medium (that's comic book talk for 'comic book'). I'm famous for such diatribes, consequently I don't get invited out much. But I'll save it for the next issue. It's a dandy.

IN the meantime I think it best to simply introduce the parties responsible for this issue.

THE cover to your far left and the story to your right are the work of JOHN ALLISON. John's been around a bit. No doubt you've seen his work everywhere from UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION to WEEKEND MAGAZINE. The subject of both cover and story is JAMES TIPTREE'S classic short story *The Man Who Walked Home*. However you'll note that the last 14 pages of the story are in a hand other than John's. When John's commercial commitments put the squeeze on the story, newcomer TONY MEERS pitched in and polished it off in half the time he should've been allowed.

TO your immediate left, the work of ROBERT MACINTYRE. Rob has been around a bit as well. Especially to his credit are 3 portfolios of the fantastic, and a couple of books published by DONALD M. GRANT.

TO your immediate right, a small spot illustration by JASON ROSS. His story *A Day At YGSRD'S* appears later on in this issue.

MY own story, *The Escape And Pursuit of Jeanne d'Arc* follows. I shan't attempt an explanation. All I ask is that you play around with it in your head a little.

PAUL Rivoche, Ottawa's enfant terrible, graces our back cover with one of his typical airbrush spectaculairs. Paul has a couple of portfolios and some S-F book covers to his name. Watch for his adaptation of ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S *Exile of the Eons* in an upcoming ANDROMEDA.

HEREIN is the unseen hand of RON VAN LEEUWEN, proprietor of the Silver Snail Comic Shop in Toronto. It is Ron's enthusiasm and understanding that have made this magazine possible.

BEFORE I put my pen down I should mention our sister publication ARIK-KHAN No. 1. This is a book-length adventure from FRANC REYES (D.C.'s TARZAN and Mystery Books) and poet laureate B.P. NICHOL. Sword and Sorcery, monsters...you know, the good stuff.

FINAL plug: Our original lead feature was part one of a five part epic entitled *The Sacred and the Profane*. I wrote it, Ken Steacy drew it—STAR'REACH is running it.

Thanks for coming.

DEAN MOTTER

ANDROMEDA Vol. 2, No. 1 September 1977. Published by Andromeda Publications, owned and operated by Silver Snail Comics Ltd. 321 Queen St. W. Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A9. Dean Motter editor. The Man Who Walked Home © 1977 James Tiptree, illustrations © John Allison. The Escape and Pursuit of Jeanne d'Arc © 1977 Iconoclast Imageworks. A Day at YGSRD's © 1977 Jason Ross. Front Cover © 1976 John Allison. Inside front cover © 1977 Robert MacIntyre. Back cover © 1977 Paul Rivoche. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead are intended or should be inferred. Founding Publisher: Bill Paul. Printed in Canada.





TRANSGRESSION! TERROR!

AND HE THRUST AND LOST THERE -

**-PUNCHED INTO IMPOSSIBILITY, ABANDONED
NEVER TO BE KNOWN HOW; THE WRONG MAN
IN THE MOST WRONG OF ALL WRONG PLACES...**

**...IN THAT UNIMAGINABLE COLLAPSE
OF NEVER-TO-BE-REIMAGINED
MECHANISM.**

-HE STRANDED, UNDONE...

**...HIS LIFELINE SEVERED, WINKING
THE LONGEST LINE TO OUT,
LIFE WITHDRAWING...**

**...DISAPPEARING FOREVER
BEYOND HIS GRASP...**

**-TELESCOPING AWAY FROM HIM
INTO THE CLOSING VORTEX
BEYOND WHICH LAY HIS
HOME, HIS LIFE,**

...HIS ONLY POSSIBILITY OF BEING;

**...SEEING IT SUCKED BACK
INTO THE DEEPEST MAW,**

MELTING,

**LEAVING HIM TO BE ORPHANED
ON WHAT NEVER-TO-BE-KNOWN
SHORE OF TOTAL WRONGNESS,**

**-OF BEAUTY BEYOND JOY, PERHAPS?
OF NOTHINGNESS? OF HORROR?**

OF PROFOUND OTHERNESS
ONLY, CERTAINLY.

WHATEVER IT WAS, THAT
PLACE INTO WHICH HE
TRANSGRESED,

IT COULD NOT SUPPORT HIS
LIFE THERE; HIS VIOLENT
AND VIOLATING ABERRANCE;

AND HE, FIERCE, BRAVE, CRAZY-CLENCHED
INTO TOTAL PROTEST, ONE BODY FIST OF
UTTER REPUDIATION OF HIMSELF,
THERE IN THAT PLACE;

-FORSAKEN THERE,

-WHAT DID HE DO?

THE DRR WHO

ORIGINAL STORY:
James Tiptree ©1977
ADAPTATION:
John Allison

REJECTED, EXILED,
HUNGERING HOMEBWARDS
DESPERATE THAN ANY LOST
BEAST DRIVING FOR ITS
UNREACHABLE HOME;

- HIS HOME,

- HIS HOME!

AND NO WAY, NO TRANSPORT, NO VEHICLE
MEANS, MACHINERY, NO FORCE BUT HIS
INTOLERABLE RESOLVE AIMED HOMEBWARD
ALONG THAT VANISHING VECTOR,

THAT LAST AND ONLY LIFELINE.

HE DID WHAT?

HE WALKED.
HOME.

WALKED HOME

ILLUSTRATED BY:
John Allison &
Tony Meers

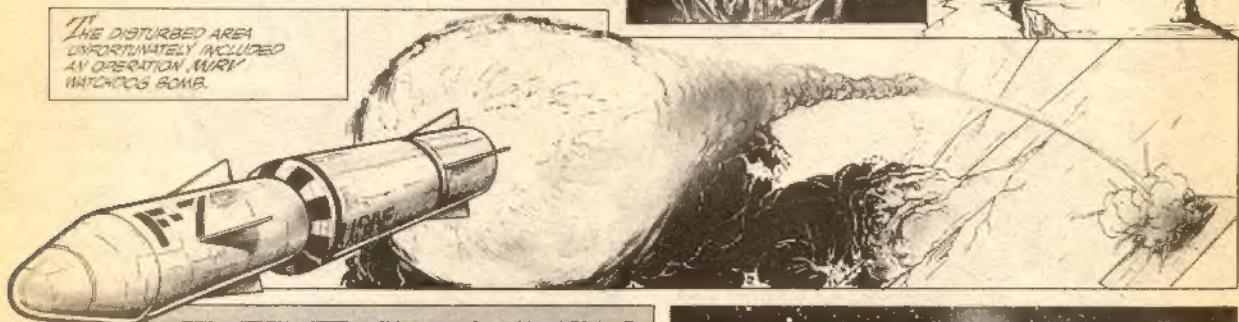
PRECISELY WHAT HASHED UP IN THE WORK OF THE MAJOR INDUSTRIAL LESSEE OF THE BONNEVILLE PARTICLE ACCELERATION FACILITY IN UTAH WAS NEVER KNOWN.

...THE LABORATORIES AND ALL THEIR PERSONNEL WERE TRANSFORMED INTO AN INTIMATELY DISRUPTED FORM OF MATTER RESEMBLING A HIGH ENERGY PLAZA...

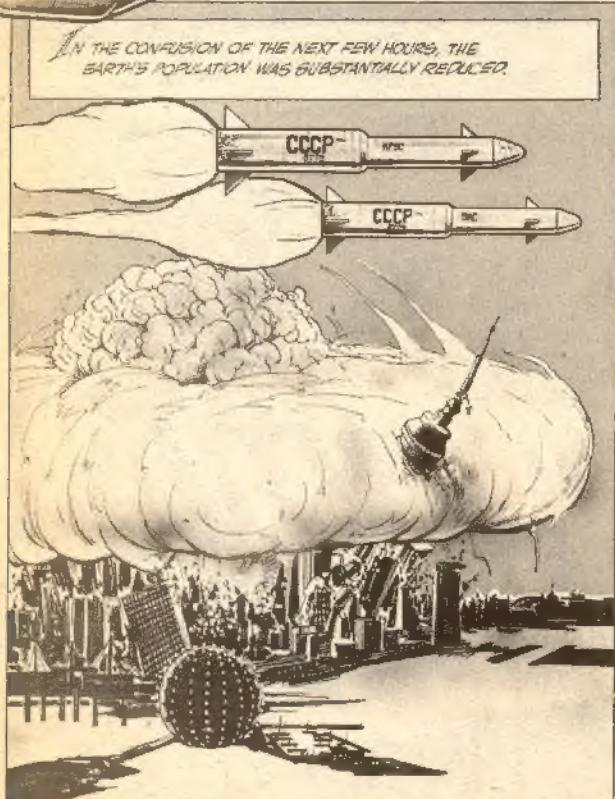
...WHICH BECAME AIR BORNE TO THE ACCOMPANYMENT OF RADIATING SEISMIC ATMOSPHERIC EVENTS.



THE DISTURBED AREA UNFORTUNATELY INCLUDED AN OPERATION, WHICH INVOLVED A HATCHDOGS BOMB.

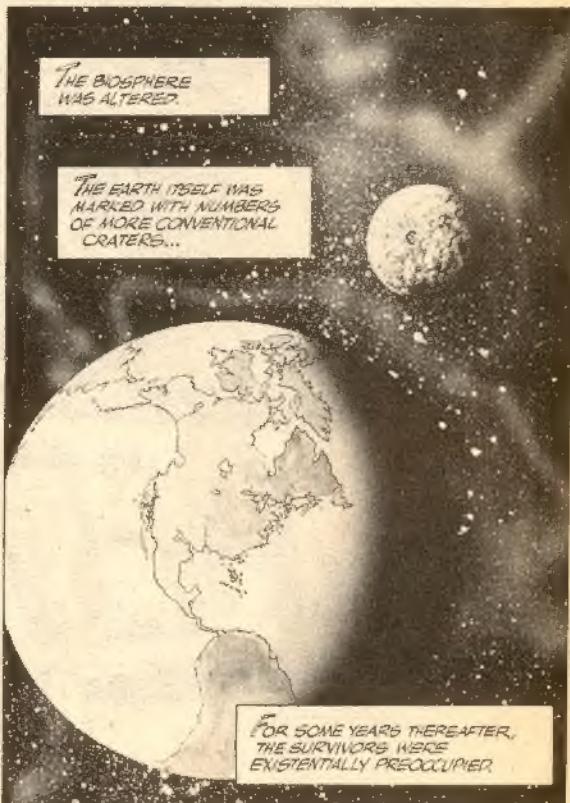


IN THE CONFUSION OF THE NEXT FEW HOURS, THE EARTH'S POPULATION WAS SUBSTANTIALLY REDUCED.



THE BIOSPHERE WAS ALTERED.

THE EARTH ITSELF WAS MARRED WITH NUMEROUS OF MORE CONVENTIONAL CRATERS...



FOR SOME YEARS THEREAFTER, THE SURVIVORS WERE EXISTENTIALLY PREOCCUPIED.

THE PECCULIAR DUST BOWL AT BONNEVILLE WAS LEFT TO WEATHER BY ITSELF IN THE CHANGING CLIMATIC CYCLES. IT WAS NOT A LARGE CRATER, JUST OVER A KILOMETER ACROSS.

BEFORE THE RAINS BEGAN, IT WAS ALMOST PERFECTLY FLAT. ONLY IN CERTAIN LIGHTS, HAD ANYONE BEEN THERE TO INSPECT IT...

A SMALL SURFACE MARKING, OR ABRASIONED PLACE, COULD BE DETECTED...

ALMOST EXACTLY AT THE CENTER.

TWO DECADES AFTER THE DISASTER, A PARTY OF SHORT BROWN PEOPLE APPEARED FROM THE SOUTH, TOGETHER WITH A FLOCK OF SOMEWHAT ATYPICAL SHEEP.

GRASS DID NOT GROW WELL IN THE BASIN, DOUBTLESS FROM THE COMPLETE LACK OF MICRO-ORGANISMS. BUT NEITHER THIS NOR THE SURROUNDING VIGOROUS GRASS WERE FOUND TO HARM THE SHEEP.

A FEW CRUDE HOGANS WENT UP ON THE SOUTHERN EDGE AND A FAINT PATH BEGAN TO BE TRACED ACROSS THE CRATER ITSELF...

ONE SPRING MORNING, TWO CHILDREN WHO HAD BEEN DRIVING SHEEP ACROSS THE CRATER CAME SCREAMING BACK TO CAMP...

A MONSTER HAD BURST OUT OF THE GROUND BEFORE THEM, A HUGE, FLAT ANIMAL MAKING A DREADFUL ROAR!

...PASSING BY THE CENTRAL BARE SPOT.

...THEN IT VANISHED IN A FLASH AND A SHAKING OF THE EARTH, LEAVING AN EVIL SMELL.

...THE SHEEP HAD RUN AWAY.

SINCE THIS LAST WAS VISIBLELY TRUE, SOME ELDERS INVESTIGATED, FINDING NO PLACE IN WHICH IT COULD HIDE...



AGAIN NOTHING WAS FOUND, AN EVIL WARD IN A CLEFT STICK WAS PLACED IN THE SITE.



THEY SETTLED FOR BEATING THE CHILDREN.

NOTHING ELSE OCCURRED FOR A WHILE.



THE FOLLOWING SPRING, THE EPISODE WAS REPEATED.

THIS TIME AN OLDER GIRL WAS PRESENT AND SHE COULD ADD ONLY THAT THE MONSTER SEEMED TO BE RUSHING FLAT OUT ALONG THE GROUND.



WHEN THE SAME THING HAPPENED FOR THE THIRD TIME, OTHER CHARM WANDS WERE ADDED.

BUT NO HARM SEEMED TO COME OUT OF IT AND THE BROWN PEOPLE HAD SEEN FAR WORSE, SHEEP TENDING RESUMED AS BEFORE.



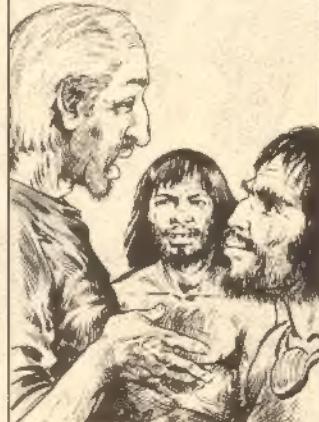
THE YEARS PASS.

AT THE END OF THE THIRD DECADE, A TALL, OLD MAN LIVED DOWN THE HILLS FROM THE SOUTH.



HE CAMPED AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE CRATER AND SOON FOUND THE MONSTER SITE.

HE ATTEMPTED TO QUESTION SOME PEOPLE ABOUT IT BUT NOBODY UNDERSTOOD HIM.



HE SPENT SOME TIME AROUND THE PLACE OF THE APPARITION AND WAS NEARBY WHEN IT MADE ITS NEXT APPEARANCE.

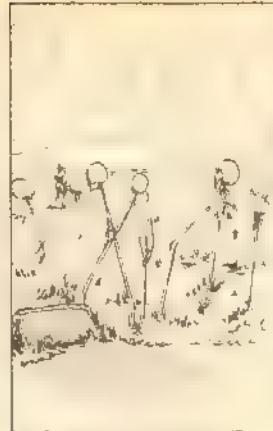


THIS EXCITED HIM VERY MUCH AND HE MOVED HIS CAMP INTO THE CRATER BY THE TRAIL.

HE STAYED ON FOR A FULL YEAR WATCHING THE SITE, AND WAS CLOSE BY FOR THE NEXT MANIFESTATION.



AFTER THIS, HE SPENT A FEW DAYS MAKING A CHARM STONE FOR THE SPOT



AND MORE DECADES PASSED



THE BROWN PEOPLE AND THEIR SHEEP WERE ATTACKED BY A BAND OF GRIZZLED MEN



THEN HE LEFT NORTHWARD, HOBBLING AS HE WENT

THE CRATER EXPLODED AND A RAIN GULF BECAME AN INTERMITTENT STREAMLET. THE SKIES CLEARED SOMEWHAT.

AFTER WHICH THE SURVIVORS WENT EASTWARD

THE WINTERS OF WHAT HAD BEEN UTAH WERE NOW FROST-FREE, ASPEN AND EUCALYPTUS SPROUTED IN THE MOIST RAIN



STILL THE CRATER REMAINED TREELESS WITH ITS MOIST CENTRE

FIVE
DECADES
LATER

BUT THESE PEOPLE DID NOT DEPART THE STONE THE TALL MAN HAD PLACED HAS NOTED AND LEFT UNDISTURBED

A HERDSMAN'S HUT WAS BUILT BY THE STREAM WHICH IN TIME BECAME THE HABITATION OF AN OLIVE-SKINNED, RED HAIRIED FAMILY

A SMALL PERMANENT SETTLEMENT HAD GROWN UP ON THE NEAREST RANGE OF HILLS



IN DUE COURSE ONE OF THIS CLAN AGAIN OBSERVED THE MONSTER FLASH..



THE HOMESTEAD AT THE CRATER'S EDGE BECAME A GROUP OF THREE AND WAS JOINED BY OTHERS



AT THE CENTER OF THE STILL FAINTLY DISCERNABLE CRATER THE CARTROAD MADE A BEND LEADING TO A SMALL GRASSY PLACE WITH A SQUARE METER OF CURIOUSLY BARE EARTH AND A DEEPLY ETCHED SANDSTONE ROCK

THE APPARITION OF THE MONSTER OCCURRED REGULARLY EACH SPRING IN THIS SPOT

IT WAS REFERRED TO IN A PHRASE THAT COULD BE TRANSLATED AS "THE OLD DRAGON"



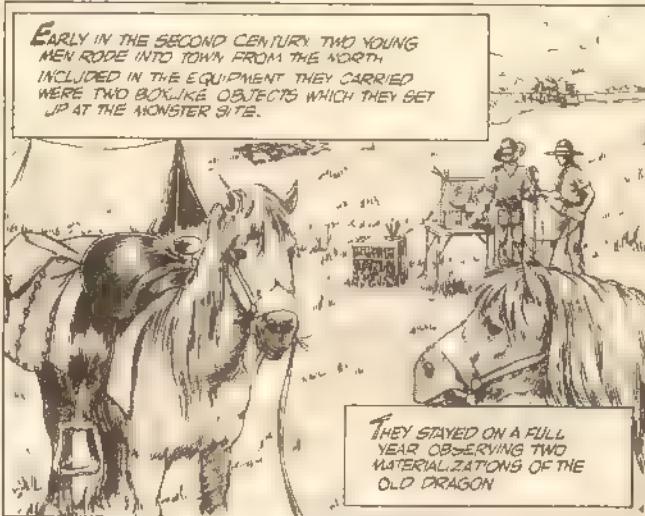
THE "OLD DRAGON" APPEARANCE WAS ALWAYS THE SAME, A BRIEF, VIOLENT THUNDER BURST WHICH CUT OFF ABRUPTLY



AFTERWARDS THERE WAS A BAD SMELL AND THE EARTH SHOOK.



EARLY IN THE SECOND CENTURY TWO YOUNG MEN RODE INTO TOWN FROM THE NORTH INCLUDED IN THE EQUIPMENT THEY CARRIED WERE TWO BOX-LIKE OBJECTS WHICH THEY SET UP AT THE MONSTER SITE.



THEY STAYED ON A FULL YEAR OBSERVING TWO MATERIALIZATIONS OF THE OLD DRAGON

THEN, THEY DEPARTED AFTER UNSUCCESSFULLY ATTEMPTING TO PERSUADE A LOCAL BOY TO OPERATE ONE



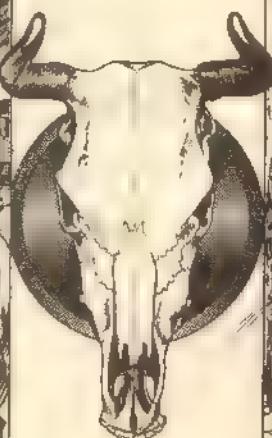
IN THE COURSE OF THE NEXT FEW DECADES OTHER TRAVELLERS STOPPED BY AND MARVELLED AT THE MONSTER



BUT THE RAIDERS LEFT A SPOTTING SICKNESS WHICH KILLED MANY.



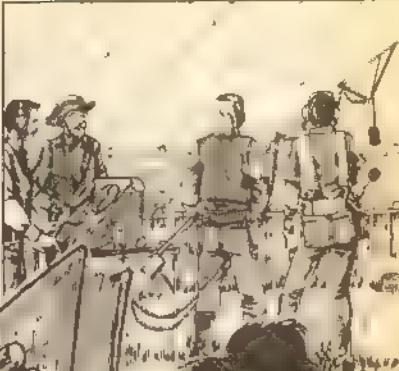
THROUGH ALL THIS, THE BARE SPOT IN THE CRATER'S CENTRE REMAINED AND THE MONSTER MADE HIS REGULAR APPEARANCES, OBSERVED OR NOT



THE CRATER HAMLET FLOURISHED AND GREW VTO THE FIELDS WHERE THE CATTLE HAD GRAZED PART OF THE OLD CRATER BECAME THE CIVIL PARK AND THE SMALL BARE AREA IN THE CRATER HAD BEEN FENCED OFF

THE TOWNS PEOPLE RENTED ROOMS FOR THE APPEARANCE AND MANY MORE-OR LESS AUTHENTIC MONSTER RELICS WERE ON DISPLAY IN THE LOCAL TAVERNS

A SMALL TOURIST INDUSTRY BASED ON THE MONSTER-SITE DEVELOPED AND ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS TALES CAME FROM THE DISTANT NORTHWEST AUTHORITY TO OBSERVE IT



SEVERAL LOTS NOW GREW UP AROUND THE MONSTER ONE PERIODICALLY BELIEVED THAT IT HAD A DEVIL OR DAMNED SOUL

FORCED TO REAPPEAR ON EARTH IN TORMENT TO ENACT THE CATASTROPHE OF THREE CENTURIES PAST



OTHERS BELIEVED THAT HE WAS SOME KIND OF MESSENGER WHOSE ROAR PORTENDED EITHER DOOM OR HOPE DEPENDING ON THE BELIEVER



ONLY AS THE FOURTH CENTURY OF THE NEW ERA WENT BY WAS IT APPARENT THAT THE MONSTER HAD CHANGED GREATLY.

HE HAD AN ARM AND A LEG THRUST UPWARD IN A KICKING OR A LAWNG VESTURE.

AS THE YEARS PASSED HE BEGAN TO CHANGE MORE QUICKLY UNTIL AT THE END HE HAD Risen TO A CONTORTED LIMB-LIKE

IT WAS THEN WIDELY FELT THAT THE MAN MONSTER WAS ABOUT TO DO SOMETHING TO MAKE SOME DEFINITIVE MANIFESTATION.



THE SKIN WAS NOW WHAT DIFFERENTLY
DISHED AND THE EARTH AFTER HIM
SANKED MORE AND MORE

SEVERAL REGIONAL LEADERS JOURNEYED TO
THE TOWN TO OBSERVE THE APPARITION

NOW HE APPEARED TO
BEGIN THE ACT OF SLIDING
OR STAGGERING IT LE
PUSHED HIMSELF BACK
WHICH MADE A GREAT SWE
BUT NOT BEFORE A GALE.

HOWEVER THE DECADES
PASSED AND THE MAN-
MONSTER DID NOTH NG MORE
THAN TURN OUT WITH A PLACE

EARLY IN THE FIFTH CENTURY
A NEW CALENDAR THREE JOURNEY
PARTED FROM THE NORTH CENTRAL
AUTOMOTIVE JANE THROUGH THE
AREA AND STOPPED TO
OBSERVE THE MONSTER.

AT THIS TIME NEARLY EVERYONE
BELIEVED THAT THE APPARITION
WAS A MAN OR THE GHOST
OF ONE

NO END OF
JO JOE COULD
BE SEEN AND
PRESENTLY THE GENERAL
CAME QUIETED AND
NOTHING CAME OF IT
AT ALL!



A PERMANENT DEVICE WAS SET
UP AT THE SITE AFTER ASSURANCES
TO THE TOWNSFOLK THAT NO HARD
SCIENCE WAS INVOLVED



THE FAMOUS
MACHINE BOY
A FEW OTHERS
INCLUDING THE
MECHANICS TIME
REFERS TO HIM AS

THE
MAN JOHN!

THE GIRL CHATTED WITH HER HUSBAND IN A LANGUAGE UNLIKE THAT EVER HEARD BY THE MAN JOHN & THERE AT THE END OR THE BEGINNING OF HIS LIFE.

ONE MAY MORNING AT THE END OF CENTURY FIVE, A YOUNG COUPLE IN A SMART, GREEN MULE-TRAP CAME JOGGING UP THE HIGHROAD FROM THE SANDREAS RIFT RANGE TO THE SOUTHEAST.



WHAT SHE SAID TO HIM HAS, HOWEVER BEEN HEARD IN EVERY AGE AND TONGUE.

JH. SERLI! I'M SO GLAD WE'RE TAKING THIS TRIP NOW! NEXT SUMMER I'LL BE SO BUSY WITH BABY!

TO WHICH SERLI REPLIED AS YOUNG HUSBANDS OFTEN HAVE...

...AND SO THEY TROTTED TO THE TOWN'S INN.



HERE THEY LEFT TRAP AND BASS AND WENT TO SEARCH FOR HER UNCLE WHO WAS EXPELTING THEM

THE MORROW WAS THE DAY OF THE MAN JOHN'S ANNUAL APPEARANCE AND HER UNCLE LABAN HAD COME FROM THE MACKENZIE HISTORY MUSEUM TO OBSERVE IT.



PRESIDENTLY, UNCLE LABAN TOOK THEM ALL WITH HIM OVER TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE TO MEET WITH VARIOUS RELIGIOUS PERSONAGES.

THE MAYOR TOOK UNCLE LABAN'S PART IN SECURING THE CULTISTS GRUDGING ASSENT TO THE MACKENZIE AUTHORITIES SECULAR INTERPRETATION OF THE MONSTER.



THEN SEEING HOW PRETTY THE NIECE WAS, HE TOOK THEM ALL HOME TO DINNER.



WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THE INN FOR THE NIGHT, IT WAS A BRAWL IN TH HOLIDAY MAKERS.

WHEW! I'VE TALKED MYSELF DRY, SISTERS DAUGHTER, SERLI MY LAD I KNOW YOU HAVE QUESTIONS, LET ME HAND YOU

THIS TO READ. IT'S THE GUIDE BOOK WE'RE GIVING EM TO SELL TOMORROW I'LL ANSWER FOR IT ALL.

AND HE DISAPPEARED INTO THE CROWDED TAVERN.

ALL THAT IS KNOWN OF JOHN DELGANO COMES FROM TWO DOCUMENTS LEFT BY HIS BROTHER, CARL DELGANO IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE MACKENZIE GROUP IN THE EARLY YEARS AFTER THE HOLOCAUST

SO SORRY TO
HIS BRIGHT TOOK
THE PIANO OUT
LASTS TO BED
WITH THEM BUT IT
WAS NOT UNTIL THE
NEXT MORNING AT
BREAKFAST THAT
THEY FOUND THAT
THEY HAD TO RENT IT

PUT SOME
HONEY ON THIS
CAKE, HONEY.

VERBATIM
TRANSCRIPT FOLLOWS,
THIS IS CARL DELGANO
SPEAKING

I AM NOT AN ENGINEER OR AN ASTRONAUT LIKE JOHN. I RAWS AND TRAINED AS A SPACEMAN. HE NEVER GOT TO SPACE. JOHN WAS ONLY WIRED ALL THAT OUT SO HE TIED UP WITH THE SAME COMMERCIAL GROUP WHO WERE LEAVING PART OF BONNEVILLE, BUT HE AND I GOT TOGETHER SEVERAL TIMES A YEAR. OUR WIVES WERE LIKE SISTERS. JOHN HAD TWO KIDS, CLARA AND PAUL.

THE TESTS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE SECRET, BUT JOHN TOLD ME CONFIDENTIALLY THAT THEY WERE TRYING FOR AN ANTI-GRAVITY CHAMBER.

I DON'T KNOW IF IT EVER WORKED.
THAT WAS THE YEAR BEFORE,



JOHN TOLD
HER IT WASN'T
LIKE THAT AT ALL. ALL
THEY'D GET WOULD
BE THIS KIND OF
FLICKER, LIKE A
SECOND OR TWO.
ALL KINDS OF
COMPLICATIONS.

SHE PICTURED HIM
LIKE YOU KNOW HOW
WELL'S WALKING
AROUND IN SOME
FUTURE WORLD

NOT THAT IT MAKES ANY
DIFFERENCE, OF COURSE.
EVERYTHING WAS WIRED
OUT SALT LAKE TOO.
THE ONLY REASON I'M
HERE IS THAT I WENT UP
TO CALGARY TO SEE MOM
APRIL 29TH.

MAY 2ND IT ALL BLEW.
I DIDN'T FIND YOU FOLKS
AT THE KENDRE UNTIL JULY.
I GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL
STAY THAT'S ALL I KNOW
ABOUT JOHN, EXCEPT
THAT HE HAS AN ALL-RIGHT
GUY. IS THAT ALL I DENT
STARTED ALL THIS. IT
WASN'T HIS FAULT.

'THE SECOND DOCUMENT--IN THE NAME OF LOVE, LITTLE MOTHER, DO I HAVE TO READ ALL THIS? OH VERY WELL BUT YOU WILL KISS ME FIRST, MADAM. MUST YOU LOOK SO INEFFABLE?' 'THE SECOND DOCUMENT DATED THE YEAR IS NEW STYLE, WRITTEN BY CARL'

SEE THE OLD HANDWRITING, MY PLUMP PIGEON? OH VERY WELL VERY WELL...

WRITTEN AT BONNEVILLE CRATER: 'I HAVE SEEN MY BROTHER JOHN DELGANO, WHEN I KNEW I HAD THE RAD SICKNESS I CAME DOWN HERE TO LOOK AROUND.'

SALT LAKE'S STILL HOT. SO I HIKED UP HERE BY BONNEVILLE. YOU CAN SEE THE CRATER WHERE THE LABS WERE, IT'S GROSSED OVER. 'T'S DIFFERENT NOT RADIOACTIVE



MY FILM'S OK. THERE'S A BARE PLACE IN THE MIDDLE. SOME INDIOS HERE TOLD ME THE MONSTER SHOWS UP HERE EVERY YEAR, IN THE SPR NG.

I SAW IT MYSELF A COUPLE OF DAYS AFTER I GOT HERE BUT WAS TOO FAR AWAY TO SEE MUCH, EXCEPT I WAS SURE IT'S A MAN...IN A VACUUM SUIT.



THERE WAS A LOT OF NOISE AND DUST--TOOK ME BY SURPRISE.

IT WAS OVER IN A SECOND.



I FIGURED IT PRETTY CLOSE TO THE DAY, I MEAN MAY 2ND, OLD.

SO I HUNTED AROUND A YEAR
AND HE SHOWED UP AGAIN
YESTERDAY ...

I WAS ON THE FACE SIDE AND
I COULD SEE HIS FACE
THROUGH THE FACEPLATE.
IT'S JOHN, ALL RIGHT. HE'S
HURT. I SAW BLOOD ON HIS
MOUTH AND HIS SUIT IS
FRAYED SOME.

HE WAS IN EXACTLY THE
SAME POSITION EACH TIME
AND THERE'S A LOUD CRACK
LIKE THUNDER AND ANOTHER
SOUND LIKE A SIREN VERY
FAST. AND AN OZONE SMELL
AND SMOKE. I FELT A KIND
OF SHUDDER.

HIS EYES ARE OPEN
LIKE HE WAS LOOKING.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT
ANYWAY BUT I KNOW IT'S
JOHN. NOT A GHOST.

I know it's John
now and I think we
have to leave now
to take him back
to his friends
and I think someone
should help him.
Maybe you can help
John. Signed,
Carl Sagan

RECORDS WERE KEPT
BY THE MCKENZIE
GROUP, BUT IT WAS NOT
FOR SEVERAL YEARS -
ETCETERA.

... ARCHIVES,
ANALYSTS, ETCETERA - VERY
GOOD. NOW IT IS TIME TO MEET
YOUR UNCLE, MY EDIBLE ONE AFTER
WE GO UPSTAIRS FOR JUST A
MOMENT.

NO.
SERL, I WILL
WAIT FOR YOU
DOWNSTAIRS.



THEN YOU KNOW
HE'S FALLING.
TRYING TO SLOW
DOWN. HE MUST
HAVE SLIPPED OR
STUMBLER. WE'RE
GETTING PRETTY
CLOSE TO WHEN
HE LOST HIS
FOOTING AND
STARTED TO FALL.
WHAT DID IT?

PID
SOMEBODY
TRIP HIM?

WOULD
YOU LIKE TO BE THE
ONE WHO MADE JOHN
DELGANO FALL?

YOU MEAN, WHOEVER
MADE HIM FALL
CAUSED ALL THE,
CAUSED—

WAT A MINUTE
ME DID FALL
SO SOME BODY
HAD TO DO IT. I
MEAN HE HAS TO
TRIP HIM WHATEVER

HE DOESN'T FALL
THE DUST WOULD
BE ALL CHANGED
WILLN'T IT?
NO WAR
NO

POSSIBLE.

GOD KNOWS.
ALL I KNOW IS
THAT JOHN DELGANO
AND THE SPACE
AROUND HIM IS THE
MUST UNSTABLE
IMPROBABLE HIGHLY
CHARGED AREA EVER
KNOWN ON EARTH.
AND I'M RAMMED IF
I THINK ANY BODY
SHOULD GO POKING
STICKS IN IT

OH COME
NOW LABAN.

OUR DUST-MOP
COULDNT TRIP
A GNAT

IT'S JUST
VITREOUS
MONOFILAMENTS.

DUST FROM THE
FUTURE. WHAT'S
IT GOING TO TELL
YOU? THAT THE
FUTURE HAS DUST
IN IT?

IF WE COULD
ONLY GET A
TRACE FROM THAT
THING IN HIS
HAND.

N HIS HAND.

WE'VE HAD A
RECORDING ANALYZER
A MED AT T

A SPECTROSCOPE.

WE KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING
THERE OR WAS. CAN'T GET A
DECENT READING. IT'S
SEVERELY DETERIORATED.

PEOPLE
POKING AT HIM,
GRABBING AT HIM
YEAH—

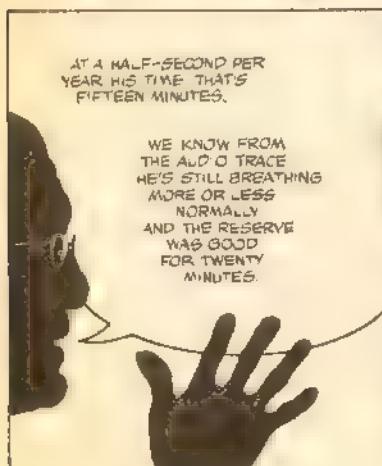
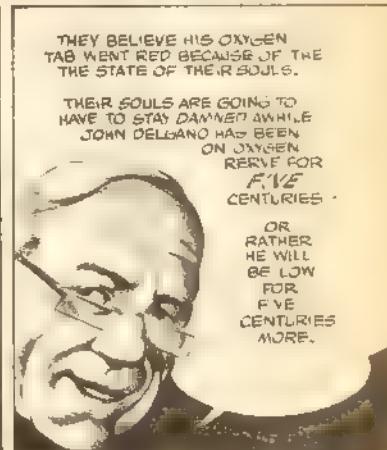
TEN MINUTES!
TAKE YOUR PLACES,
FRIENDS AND
STRANGERS!

THE REPENTANCE PEOPLE WERE FILING IN AT ONE SIDE, INTONING AN ANCIENT INCANTATION.

"MI-SERE-RE,
PEC-CAVI"

THE ATMOSPHERE SUDDENLY BECAME TENSE. IT WAS NOW VERY CLOSE IN THE TENT.

A BOY FROM THE MAYOR'S OFFICE BELIEVED LABAN'S PARTY TO COME AND SIT IN THE GUEST CHOIRS ON THE SECOND LEVEL ON THE "FALE" SIDE IN FRONT OF THEM. AT THE RAIL LINE OF THE REPENTANCE MINISTERS WAS AROUND WITH AN ALBERTAN OFFICIAL OVER HIS RIGHT TO OCCUPY SPACE TAKEN BY A REPORTER. IT BE NO HIS SPECIAL DUTY TO LOOK INTO THE MAN JOHN'S EYES.



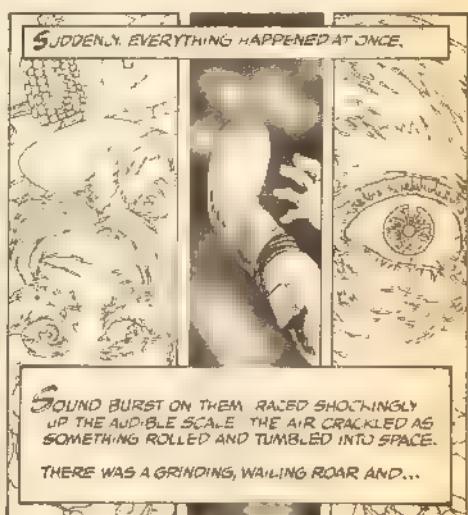


THE TENT WAS QUIETING. A FAT CHILD BY THE RAILING STARTED TO CRY AND WAS PULLED BACK ONTO A LAP. THERE WAS A SUBDUED Mumble OF PRAYING.

THE HOLY JOY FACTION ON THE FAR SIDE RUSTLED THEIR FLOWERS.



OVER IT, THE RECORDER'S SILVERY FILAMENT SPOUTED GENTLY IN THE BREATH FROM A HUNDRED LUNGS. ANOTHER RECORDER COULD BE HEARD TICKING FAINTLY.



HE WAS THERE!

SOLID, HUGES - A HUGEMAN IN A MONSTER SUIT, ALTHOUGH HE SEEMED TO BE IN FRANTIC FORWARD MOTION, NOTHING MOVED. ONLY ONE OF HIS LEGS BUCKLED OR SAGGED SLIGHTLY.

AND THEN HE WAS GONE IN A THUNDERCLAP, LEAVING ONLY THE INCREDIBLE AFTER IMAGE IN A HUNDRED PAIRS OF STARING EYES.

AIR BOOMED, SHUDDERING, DUST ROILED OUT MIXED WITH SMOKE.

VOICES WERE CRYING OUT CHOKING.
CHILDREN BEGAN TO HOWL

HE SAW ME!
HE SAW
ME!

RED,
OH LORD
HAVE MERCY!

MIRA HEARD
LABAN SWEEARING FURIOUSLY AND
LOOKED AGAIN INTO SPACE.

SOME
DAMN FOOL
PITCHED
FLOWERS
INTO IT.
COME ON,
LETS GET
OUT

IT WAS
STILL RED,
HIS OXYGEN
THING. NO
MERCY THIS
TR P EH
LABAN?

ON MY GOD!

WAS IT
UNDER, DID
IT TRIP
HIM?

SH H-H

AS THE DUST SETTLED
SHE COULD SEE THAT
THE RECORDER'S TRIPOD
HAD TIPPED OVER INTO
THE CENTER. THERE
WAS A DUSTY MOUND
AGAINST IT-FLOWERS.

THEY JOSTLED THROUGH THE ENCLOSURE GATE AND WERE OUT IN THE SUNLIT PARK VOLES EXCLAIMING CHATTERING LOUDLY IN EXCITEMENT AND RELIEF...

. IT WAS TERRIBLE. OH, I NEVER THOUGHT T WAS A REAL, L'VE MAN. THERE HE IS. HES THERE. WHY CAN'T WE HELP HIM?

DID WE TRIP HIM?

I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T THINK SO.

THEY SAT DOWN NEAR THE NEW MONUMENT, FANNING THEMSELVES.

DID WE CHANGE THE PAST?

BUT IT WASN'T JUST THOSE ALBERTA PEOPLE. IT WAS THE FLOWERS, REALLY.

UNCLE ABAN HAD SUCCEEDED IN ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF THE ICE-DRINK VENDOR

MECHANICS OR SUPERSTITION. WHICH IS THE CULPRIT, LOVE OR SCIENCE?

THE FLOWERS WERE LOVE, I GUESS — I FEEL SO STRANGE. IT'S HOT. OH. THANK YOU.

PEOPLE WERE CHATTING NORMALLY NOW AND THE CROWD STRUCK INTO A CHEERFUL SONG. AT ONE END OF THE PARK A LINE OF PEOPLE WERE WAITING TO SIGN THEIR NAMES TO THE VISITORS BOOK

WHAT DOES T SAY ON THAT STONE BY HIS FEET?

IT SAYS, "WELCOME HOME, JOHN." HIS BROTHER CARL CARVED IT FOR HIM

THE MAYOR APPEARED AT THE PARK GATE LEADING A PARTY JP THE BOULDANVILLEA ALLEY FOR THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT.

I WONDER IF HE CAN SEE IT.

THE MAYOR WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN HIS SPEECH.

MUCH LATER WHEN THE CROWD HAD GONE AWAY THE MONUMENT STOOD ALONE IN THE DARK DISPLAYING TO THE MOON THE INSCRIPTION IN THE LANGUAGE OF THAT TIME AND PLACE.

GOT THERE APPEARS ANNUALLY THE FORM OF JAHN DELGANDO, THE FIRST AND ONLY MAN TO DO THIS IN TIME.
JAHN DELGANDO WAS SENT INTO THE FUTURE SOME TIME BEFORE THE HOLOCAUST OF DAY ZEPO. ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THE MEANS BY WHICH HE WAS SENT IS LOST, PERHAPS FOREVER. IT IS BELIEVED THAT AN ACCIDENT OCCURRED WHICH SENT HIM MUCH FARTHER THAN WAS INTENDED. SOME ANALYSTS SPECULATE THAT HE MAY HAVE GONE AS FAR AS FIFTY THOUSAND YEARS AHEAD. HAVING REACHED THIS UNKNOWN POINT MAJOR DELGANDO APPARENTLY WAS RECALLED UP ATTEMPTED TO RETURN, ALONG THE COURSE IN SPACE AND TIME THROUGH WHICH HE WAS SENT. HIS TRAJECTORY IS THOUGHT TO START AT THE POINT WHICH OUR SOLAR SYSTEM WILL OCCUPY AT A FUTURE TIME AND IS TANGENT TO THE COMPLEX HELIX WHICH OUR EARTH DESCRIBES AROUND THE SUN.

HE APPEARS ON THIS SPOT IN THE ANNUAL INSTANTS IN WHICH HIS COURSE INTERSECTS OUR PLANET'S ORBIT AND HE IS APPARENTLY ABLE TO TOUCH THE GROUND IN THOSE INSTANTS. SINCE NO TRACE OF HIS PASSAGE INTO THE FUTURE HAS BEEN MANIFESTED IT IS BELIEVED THAT HE IS RETURNING BY A DIFFERENT MEANS THAN HE WENT FORWARD. HE IS ALIVE IN OUR PRESENT, OUR PAST IS HIS FUTURE AND OUR FUTURE IS HIS PAST. THE TIME OF HIS APPEARANCES IS SHIFTING GRADUALLY IN SOLAR TIME TO CONVERGE ON THE MOMENT OF 1153.6, ON MAY 2, 1989 OLD STYLE, OR DAY ZEPO.

THE EXPLOSION WHICH ACCOMPANIED HIS RETURN TO HIS OWN TIME AND PLACE MAY HAVE OCCURRED WHEN SOME ELEMENTS OF THE PAST INSTANTS OF HIS COURSE WERE CARRIED WITH HIM INTO THEIR OWN PRIOR EXISTENCE. IT IS CERTAIN THAT THIS EXPLOSION PRECIPITATED THE WORLDWIDE HOLOCAUST WHICH ENDED FOREVER THE AGE OF HARDSCIENCE.

HE WAS FALLING, LOSING
CONTROL, FALLING IN HIS
FIGHT AGAINST THE TERRIBLE
MOMENT HE HAD GAINED.

FIGHTING WITH HIS HUMAN LEGS SHAKING
IN THE NHILIAN STIFFNESS OF HIS ARMOR,
HIS SOLES CHARRED, NOT GRIPPING WELL
NOW. NOT ENOUGH TRACTION TO BRAKE.

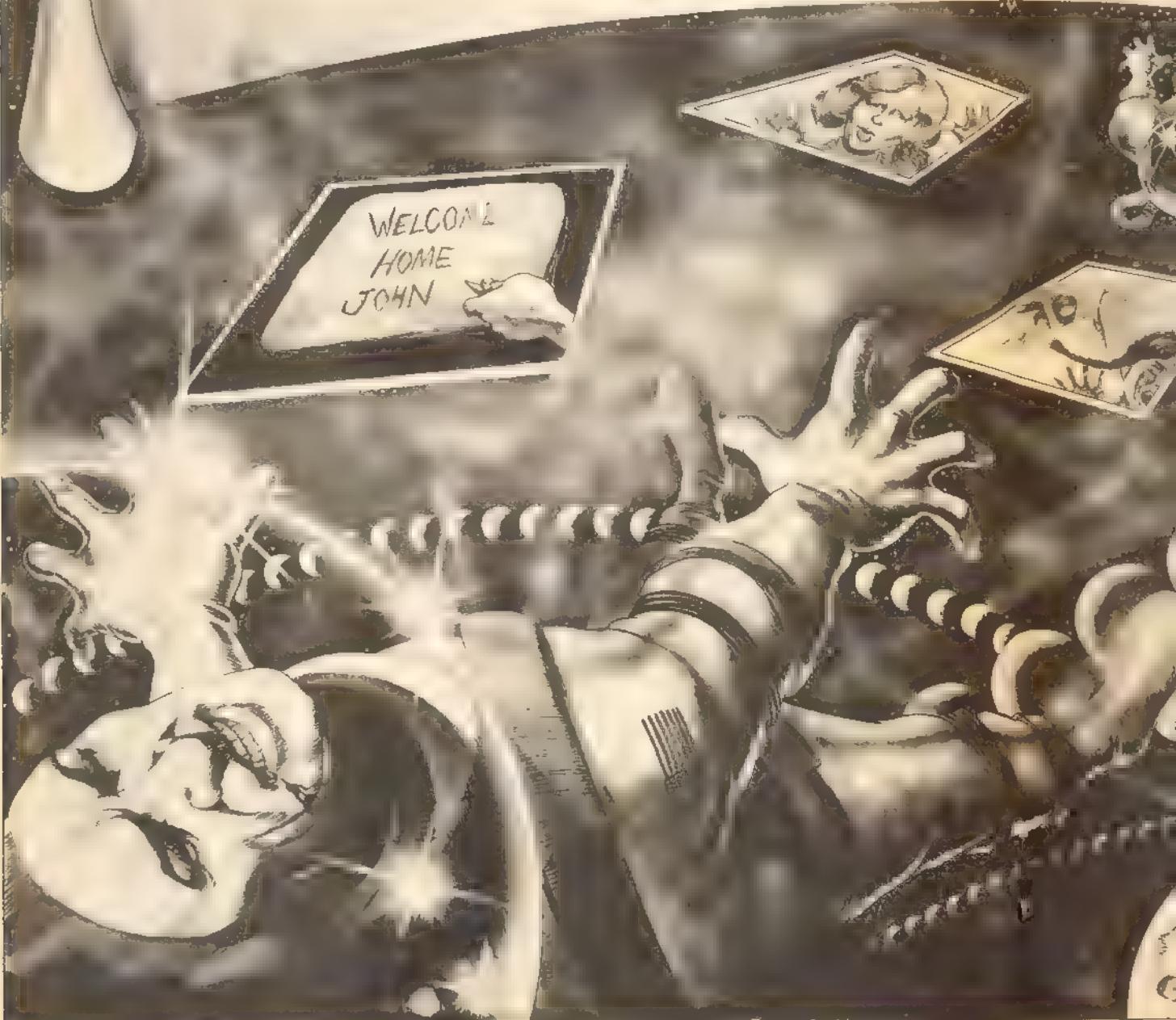
...BATTLING...

THRUSTING AS THE FLASHES
CAME, THE PUNISHING
ALTERNATION OF LIGHT
DARK, LIGHT, DARK, WHICH
HE HAD BURNED SO
LONG

THE CLAPS OF AIR THICKENING
AND THINNING AGAINST HIS
SUIT AS HE SKIDDED THROUGH
SPACE WHICH WAS TIME,
DESERVINGLY BRAKING AS
THE FLICKERS OF EARTH
HAMMERED AGAINST
HIS FEET.

...ONLY HIS FEET MATTERED
NOW, ONLY TO SLOW AND
STAY ON COURSE

...AND THE PULL THE BEACON WAS GETTING
SLACKER, AS HE CAME NEAR HOME IT WAS
FANNING OUT, HARD TO STAY CENTERED.



ING
E
SH

G GETTING
E IT HAS
RED.

...HE WAS BECOMING, HE
SUPPOSED MORE PROBABLE,
THE WOUND HE HAD PUNCHED
IN TIME HAD HEALING ITSELF

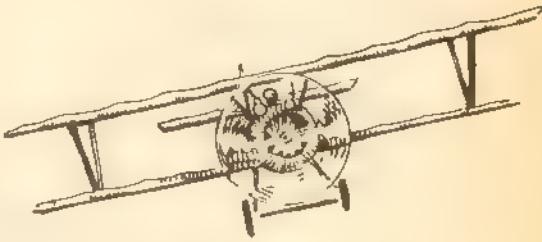


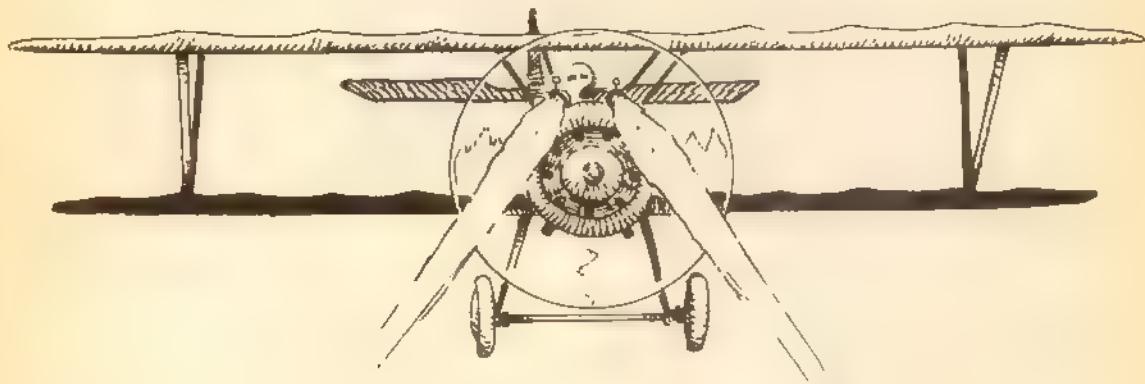
ONE SPINNING RAY OF LIGHT
HE HAD HURLED HIMSELF AFTER IT LIKE AN
ELECTRON FLYING TO THE ANODE, AND
SURELY KNOWS THAT EXQUISITELY
COMPLEX SINGLE SPINNING RAY OF

REJECTING
IN WHICH
WAB

The Escape And Pursuit Of Jeanne d'Arc

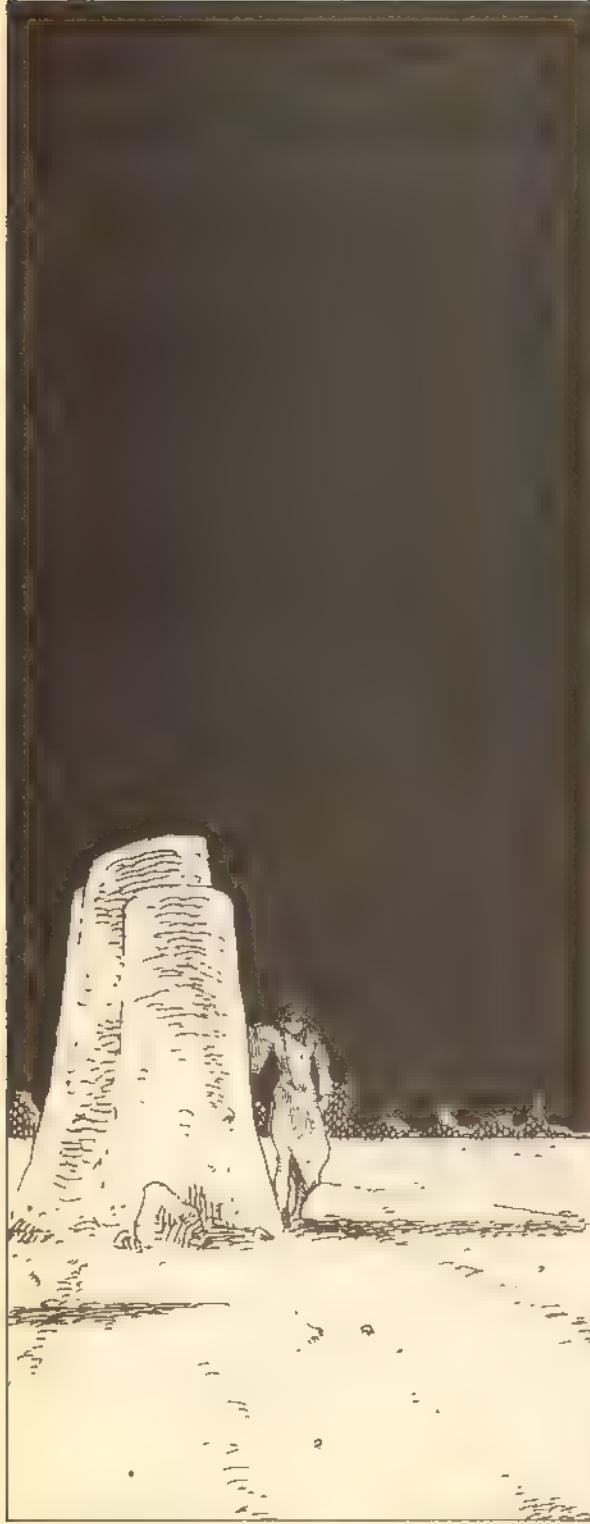




















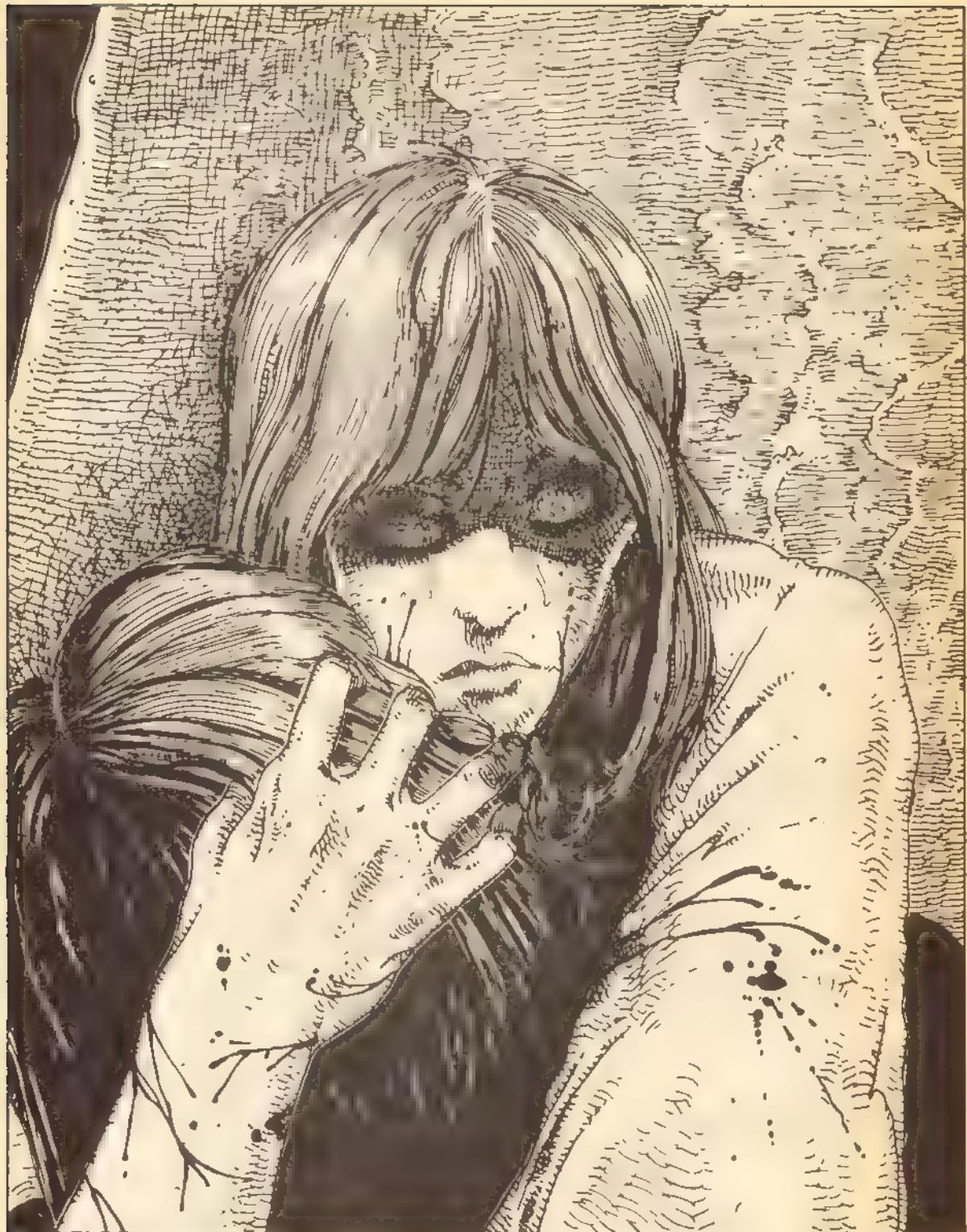
Jou are safe now, Jeanne. Calm yourself. Open your eyes. Look at me. Do I haunt you? This has all been staged for your benefit. You died so long ago. It must have exhausted the ceremonies of your memory. Don't cower. I would hate to dream of losing thy Lord's valor. Be brave. Remember when you were me. When the voices were served. You're still living on our funeral pyre. Remember when the principles were served, the terms of justice. They have all passed now. Remember, perhaps the voices themselves. The words from the ascending ether. . . We've sacrificed everything, Jeanne. Everything but your virginity.



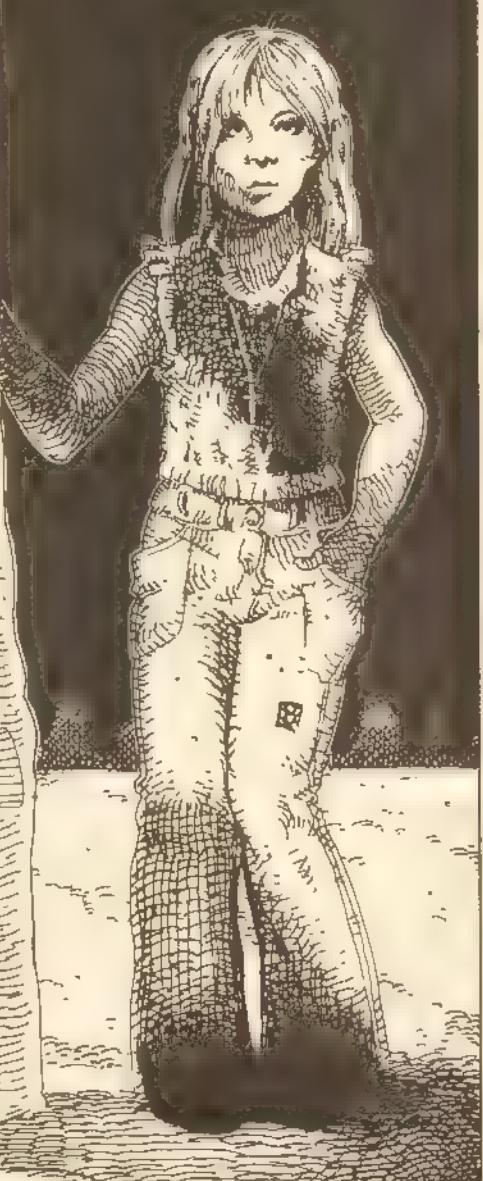












Is that Lady dead? She looks so much like you. Don't cry. I'm lost. If you take me home I'll be your friend. Would you? I don't think it's very far away.

What?

Oh; this crucifix is from church. I got it in Sunday school. Do you go to church?











PAY AT YARD'S





FINI
JACK RUSSELL



CEREBRAL BRAAAP.

BY DON MARSHALL

TRAIL

NOT NUTHIN' MORE FUN DEN
SSSCARIN' PEOPLE THINGS...
(SLOBBER, SNORT, CACKLE)

DEY COME HOPPIN' AN' BOUNCIN'
ONTO DA BRIDGE. DEY NEVER GUESS
WHAT WAITIN' DER (SLOBBER) ME!



SPLASH! IT YELL AN' SCREAM AN'
KICK ALOT, AN' IT SPLITTER AN'
CHOKE WHEN IT SEE ME!

IT SO SSSCARED IT SHAKE AN'
IT JUMPAN' IT GOT BIG BUGGY-
BAG EYES!

BUT SOMETIMES
IT DROWNS.
AN' IT SPOILS ALL DA FUN...



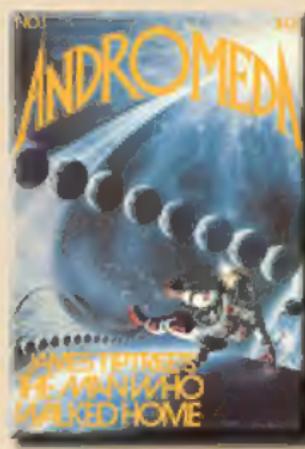
32 QUEEN STREET WEST
TORONTO
ONTARIO
CANADA

HRIK KHAN

COMING:
ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S
EXILE Of the AEONS



Robert
©76



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B.P. Nichol? 5(poem)

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Paul Rivoche 52

Sir Real's

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- 6 - The Man Who Walked Home
- 29 - The Escape And Pursuit Of Jeanne d'Arc
- 48 - A Day At Ygsrd's
- 50 - Cerebral Swamp